Nekromanteia, by Austin Atkinson

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[Part One]

(A bell tolls. An archetypal crone speaks.)
JAL DOR KAL: Lift up thine eyes to the heavens, my sisters. See the stars that move. The temple of Shara is threatened once more. They come to challenge his might. We must use the craft of those who have tried and fallen before. Protect the holy relic!
SISTERS: (chanting) Shara, Shara, Shara etc. (continues under monologue)
JAL DOR KAL: Take to your spaceships. Take Shara's vengeance to the star-comers. Now! Bring the corpses of the unbelievers. I shall taste their blood.
(Cackling laughter.)

COCHRANE: (a woman) Commander Harlon, sir. Movement on the planet surface.
HARLON: How many times. I need details, Cochrane.
COCHRANE: Fifteen hundred. No, nearly two thousand single fighter scout ships, Commander. They'll be too fast for the targeting sensors.
HARLON: Heading?
COCHRANE: Intercept course for the fleet.
HARLON: Ha, then we're dead. Everyone approaching this planet always is. Shields up. Prepare ion cannons.
COCHRANE: Aye, sir.
HARLON: Communications, open a channel to the Corporation. Whatever happens, keep that channel open. I want Wendle Marr to hear this.

MARR: And so to conclude, persons of the Board, I think er. Persons of the Board. Tallis, does that sound right?
TALLIS: (a woman) It sounds perfect, sir.
MARR: Marvellous. Er, blah, blah, blah. Persons of the Board, I think we should focus all our energies on preparing Talus for redevelopment.
(Beeping.)
MARR: Tallis.
TALLIS: Yes, Mister Marr. It appears to be a communiqué from the SS Tempest, sir. Will you take it?
MARR: Oh, yes, thank you, Tallis.
TALLIS: Should I leave, Mister Marr?
MARR: No, no. Nothing you don't already know about. Yes, Commander Harlon, I'm very busy.
HARLON [OC]: I warned you, Marr.
MARR: Show the proper respect. You forget yourself.
HARLON [OC]: My men are about to die for you.
MARR: Correction. They're my men, Commander. My Corporation wiped their backsides and put food in their bellies when they were still brats. I own them and I own you.
HARLON [OC]: Well, you can kiss that asset goodbye, Marr. The legends were right about the witches. They've launched a massive attack on our fleet. Oh, oh, sorry, your fleet.
(Bang!)
COCHRANE [OC]: The fleet is under attack, sir. Twelve ships are without power and are being towed down to the planet surface.
(Bang!)
HARLON [OC]: Even my ship's taking heavy damage, Marr.
MARR: Then do something constructive.
HARLON [OC]: What do you think I'm trying to do? I told you this was lunacy.
MARR: Damn you, Harlon. Get me that planet. Remember your family, Harlon. You're a long way from home.
COMPUTER [OC]: Hull breach. Explosive decompression on decks four through five.
COCHRANE [OC]: Damage report running, sir. The hull won't take another impact. Time to do

this my way.
MAN [OC]: Sir, reports coming in from around the ship. Five hundred plus injured. Seventy two dead, sir.
HARLON [OC]: Prepare my yacht.
COCHRANE [OC]: Are we going somewhere, sir?
HARLON [OC]: Time to do this my way. Prepare emergency self-destruct.
MARR: Harlon! You destroy the flagship and I will make you pay with your dearest blood. Stand and fight, man.
HARLON [OC]: I'm damned if I'll leave my dying men to be eaten by those harpies, Marr. You've had your chance. Be seeing you!
(Communication ends.)
MARR: Harlon! Tallis, find out which schools and colleges Harlon's children attend. I fear something bad may be about to happen to them.
TALLIS: Of course, Mister Marr.

(Clanging of the space yacht undocking.)
HARLON: Cochrane, take us to light speed. I want to be on the other side of Talderun before the Tempest goes up.
COCHRANE: Aye, aye, sir. Five seconds to self-destruct.
HARLON: Then you'd better get a move on.
(Engines power. KaBOOM.)

(Cackling laughter.)
JAL DOR KAL: No, you cannot run. It is done. Your bodies are ours. Bring the next soldier to the altar.
BEGGAR: No, no, no, please, no. Argh!
JAL DOR KAL: The blood is the truth!
(Bell tolls.)
JAL DOR KAL: The other is coming. Walking the ramparts of Space and Time is the anti-god. Soon, soon the new era shall begin.
(Cackling laughter.)

(Electronic music.)
DOCTOR: Charming market place. So relaxing. Lovely. So typical of the Garazone system these days.
ERIMEM: I cannot believe we are no longer on Earth. This is, oh, fantastic.
PERI: In every sense. I knew you'd like it if you gave it a chance, Erimem.
OMAN: Beautiful long hairs, try my lovely body scent. Only ten credits a scrub.
PERI: Now that's an offer I *can* refuse.
DOCTOR: Shame, because I'm not entirely sure about your normal perfume.
PERI: I don't wear any.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Now, if memory serves, my friend Thesanius lives at the other side of the market. Um, he's not entirely fond of humanoid females.
ERIMEM: And so you wish us to wait outside his abode.
PERI: Forget it. I'm not hanging around waiting for you. This is the first chance we've had to do serious shopping in weeks.
ERIMEM: This market is a fascinating place. It is in many ways like Thebes, but for the rodent people, of course.
DOCTOR: Pakhars, Erimem. They're rather sensitive about that word. It's considered racist.
ERIMEM: Apologies, Doctor.
PERI: Just one thing?
DOCTOR: What's that?
PERI: Don't forget we're here.
ERIMEM: You do tend to get involved.
PERI: Usually at our expense.
DOCTOR: Hmm. I think a break from each other can only be a good thing. We'd probably best meet here.
PERI: Sure. We'll be back to check with you every twenty minutes.
ERIMEM: Peri, can you measure time that accurately?

PERI: It's one of my many talents. I have a device called a watch.
ERIMEM: Fascinating.
DOCTOR: You're in a very difficult mood this morning, Peri.
PERI: I'm just getting started.
DOCTOR: I won't be long.
PERI: He always says that.
ERIMEM: Yes, you always say that.
DOCTOR: (distant) Stay out of trouble.
(The girls laugh.)

(The space yacht flies in and stops. Footsteps down a metal ramp.)
COCHRANE: Commander, I can't help feeling we left everyone on the Tempest to die. It felt like we ran out on them.
HARLON: We did. It's called survival, Cochrane. Deal with it.
COCHRANE: They're all the same, these frontier settlements. Rural wastelands.
HARLON: Not this one. Take a look over there. Use your photo-enhancer.
COCHRANE: What the hell is that funnel thing? It's got to be five hundred feet high.
HARLON: Seven hundred and twenty seven, apparently. Check your suit's scanner for EM distortion. Well?
COCHRANE: Off the scale.
HARLON: Wendle Marr thinks it's a massive energy converter. Wants it bad. His technical teams reckon it's the most powerful energy field they've ever encountered. It registered on long range sensors back home.
COCHRANE: So that whole battle was all about power?
HARLON: What did you think it was, a holy war?
COCHRANE: I just hoped for something a little more worthwhile.
HARLON: Don't you think the safety of our families is worthwhile? Wake up, Cochrane. The Corporation's got us right where they want us.
COCHRANE: And what about the red smoke?
HARLON: Blood offering. From our men, most probably. Must have got hundreds of the poor sods who crashed down here, thinking they'd survived, thinking they were the lucky ones.
(Now listening from a short distance.)
HARLON: Anyway, make sure the yacht's transmitter's powered up and has a decent range on it. I don't want to get stranded out there. Now let's get going. It's time we checked the debris for anyone those women missed.
COCHRANE: Yes, sir.
COMPUTER: Museum log recording.
YAL ROM: Archivist third grade Yal Rom, log day fourteen. Spent my second and by far the most interesting night on Talderun. Judging by the ceremonies of the necromancy cult, it was a night of great importance. I watched a space battle in the skies clearly won by the technologically superior cult. This morning I woke up to find a blood sacrifice filling the valley below. Red smoke climbing from the funnel altar in the great amphitheatre temple. All around these mountains I can see shattered hulls of downed craft. These images are of a space yacht and its two man crew. They landed thirty metres from my position. My camouflage worked well. They seem to be survivors from the battle. I fear that they may get in the way of my mission. If so, they will have to be (pause) eliminated.

THESANIUS: Come along, come along, You cut it there. No, no, there. Make the (noises) Oh. Oh, Doctor. I had no idea you had returned to the Garazone system.
DOCTOR: Just passing through, Thesanius. You know how I do.
THESANIUS: Of course, but you er, really should have given me adequate warning.
(Clang!)
THESANIUS: Really should. Come along, go, go, go. We're er, it's a little help for the er, the local bank. They er, they lost the keys to their depository in er (laughs)
DOCTOR: Quite.
THESANIUS: Look, perhaps we should er retire to my harem for a little amusement as we catch up on
A PAKHAR: Ah, Doctor.
THESANIUS: Old times.
DOCTOR: Another time, maybe. My Tardis has been demonstrating a few problems in her

telepathic circuits, and knowing your ability to er find certain materials that Gallifreyans consider restricted.
THESANIUS: You immediately came to me for help. Well, I am honoured that such a distinguished person should consider me of worth.
DOCTOR: There would be a small matter of money. My Tardis seems to be running very short of Garazone credits, and I gave my companions
THESANIUS: Well, look, look, I think I can spare you enough salkatonin if you can see your way clear to forgetting about my er generous offer of help at a local bank. (laughs) Times have been hard of late, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Er, yes.
THESANIUS: Marvellous, marvellous. Mericoccle, bring out the wine. We must er celebrate the return of the most noble Doctor.

PERI: I just found the most amazing stall that sold herbs from all across the system. It smelled of heaven. I thought maybe I could make us some facial packs.
ERIMEM: Peri, do be quiet. Listen to him.
PERI: Oh, you obviously went to the same charm school as the Doctor. What's he doing, eating wood?
ERIMEM: He's sculpting with his teeth. But he's a soothsayer. Listen.
BEGGAR: He was lost in days gone by, when arlots did fly. The way we will be again, when Shara's hooves do be a-drumming.
ERIMEM: It is familiar to me, this rhyme. It is so like the prophecies of our priests.
PERI: He looks more like a beggar to me.
ERIMEM: Looks can be deceiving. Travelling with the Doctor has shown us that. Are you a priest, old man?
BEGGAR: (laughs) Just a silly old fool awaiting the inevitable. You Terran?
PERI: Terran? Yes, we're human.
BEGGAR: Used to have ear muffs made of human. Lost them one windy night. Never had the credits to buy another pair. Buy a carving from an old ex-soldier?
ERIMEM: Is it a deity?
BEGGAR: Some say it is. Some say it be a demon.
PERI: It's a centaur, isn't it?
BEGGAR: Call it what you like, Terran, but I know I seen it with my own eyes. When I still had 'em, that is.
ERIMEM: Where? Where have you seen it?
BEGGAR: I can't rightly remember. Memory not too good, you see.
PERI: Would you remember if we bought you sculpture?
BEGGAR: Maybe as I would. And then again, maybe as I wouldn't.
ERIMEM: Here, ten er
PERI: (sotto) Credits.
ERIMEM: Credits. That's all we have.
BEGGAR: Strange thing. It's coming back to me.
PERI: Funny, that.
BEGGAR: It was not so much where I saw it as when.
ERIMEM: When?
BEGGAR: In the great wars, it was, sometime during a battle.
JAL DOR KAL [OC]: The Nekromanteia (unintelligible) methinks. She was a fearsome figure. Four great legs, a mane of light.
BEGGAR: Hooves that thrashed lightning. A face, such a face that the likes of which you have never seen. So brilliant. Eyes so strong.
ERIMEM: he sounds like a god.
JAL DOR KAL [OC]: He lived among us. He was the embodiment of love and the fire of death. Good and evil in one.
(Bell tolls as the sisters chant Shara.)

THESANIUS: There's enough salkatonin there to keep you going for a while. Just don't make it so many years before your next visit.
DOCTOR: Time flies.
(Knocking.)
GUARD [OC]: Open up in there! Garazone Security.

THESANIUS: Oh, er.
GUARD [OC]: Open this workshop door or we'll be forced to break it in.
THESANIUS: Oh, er, Doctor, take to your heels.
DOCTOR: I think perhaps I might. If there's anything I can do?
THESANIUS: Just go, Doctor. This will not be a pretty sight. Security has been after me these last few months. Go, go, go, go, go while you still can. Ah, use the rear exit. It leads into a walkway and out into the food quarter. Go, go, go, go, go!
DOCTOR: Thank you. Here, take this.
THESANIUS: What is it?
DOCTOR: As the guards come in, drop it. It'll make a loud noise and lots of smoke, which should give you enough time to get you and your family away. I imagine you've friends enough in the bazaar who'll hide you.
THESANIUS: Oh, once again I owe you my life, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Any time, Thesanius. Keep your head down.
THESANIUS: Always, Doctor.
(Door gives way.)
THESANIUS: Hello, everyone.
(Breaking glass, guards coughing.)
THESANIUS: Right, Mericoccle, get the others. We're getting out of here. Come on! Come on!

JAL DOR KAL: Arise, Shara. Arise and give me the power of the Summoning! Arise! Arise! (magic words) Arise!
(Unintelligible chanting over loud background noises. Galloping hooves, horse neighs.)
JAL DOR KAL: Shara, do my bidding.

(Shara chants in distance.)
COMPUTER: Museum log recording.
YAL ROM: I'm now at the ridge of the witch's amphitheatre. The alien structure at the centre of it has gone crazy, lights pouring out of it. I can see. My god! The relic. It's risen from the earth on some kind of plinth. It's truly huge. I've rarely seen a skeleton so big. A centaur, glowing. This has to be Shara. I hope the log is recording this living history. (beeps) There.
JAL DOR KAL [OC]: With the coming of Shara, a new era is mine.
(Maniacal cackling laughter. Horses hooves and neighs.)
YAL ROM: My god, that's no relic. That thing's almost alive.

(Alarm sounds.)
COCHRANE: My god, sir, what the hell is that?
HARLON: Hell might well be the right phrase. Those witches are up to their tricks again. Power up your plasma rifle.
(Running.)

BEGGAR: He might haunt the region of Nekromanteia still.
DOCTOR: Peri, Erimem, run!
PERI: Hey, what's the rush?
ERIMEM: I am not finished here, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Please, just for once, listen to a word I tell you. Run!
(Running. Sirens blaring.)
ERIMEM: Where's the Tardis?
PERI: Just around this corner. Come on.
DOCTOR: Key. key, where did I?
PERI: Oh, use mine.
DOCTOR: Inside, quickly.
PERI: Where are we going?
DOCTOR: Anywhere that's away from here.
(Door shuts.)
ERIMEM [OC]: Nekromanteia?
DOCTOR [OC]: Anywhere.
GUARD: Hold it or I fire.

(The Tardis dematerialises amid gunfire.)
GUARD: Terrans. No respect for public by-laws.

(Cat purring, controls being operated.)
DOCTOR: Come on, come on. Thank you, Thesanius. Still unusually high levels of telepathic activity in the Tardis. Almost as though the ship's being used as a relay.
PERI: Is it dangerous?
DOCTOR: Well, it's taxing the Tardis's telepathic circuits.
(Cat meows.)
DOCTOR: And I suppose this wouldn't have anything to do with you, cat? Let's not forget you've a dormant criminal telepath locked inside your head. Oh! Erimem, does he have to do that?
ERIMEM: Antranak is a cat. They jump on things. It is what they do.
PERI: Oh, and they cough up fur balls.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, the console's a very delicate piece of equipment, you know.
PERI: And that would be why you hit it every time it breaks.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Peri. Now, Erimem, why did you suggest Nekromanteia? I was rather hoping to see the Olympics 2060 AD. Now there was a year. Best cricket match in history. They finally took it on as an Olympic sport, you know. Not without some considerable cajoling from me, of course.
ERIMEM: Please, Doctor. Nekromanteia.
DOCTOR: All right. Any particular reason? Curiosity killed the er cat, you know.
PERI: Erimem's hooked.
ERIMEM: You know I want to learn about new cultures. This Nekromanteia fascinates me.
DOCTOR: But Nekromanteia's an interplanetary region. Where in particular?
ERIMEM: I do not know.
PERI: We met a beggar in the market, and he sold us that sculpture.
DOCTOR: Oh yes? Let me see.
ERIMEM: It is important, I think.
DOCTOR: Really. A centaur. Interesting pattern on its side. Are they temporal coordinates? Would be far in the future. Does this pattern look like a star chart to you?

HARLON: Look across the valley.
COCHRANE: There's got to be a dozen ships over there.
HARLON: Not all of them are ours. They've been there a while
COCHRANE: God, we've got to get out of this place. Marr wouldn't be any the wiser if we left now. We could be dead already as far as he's concerned.
HARLON: Use your head, Cochrane. Where would you go? There's nowhere in this galaxy that the Corporation stooges wouldn't recognise you.
COCHRANE: We could sell scans of this energy converter and make ourselves a fortune. Then we wouldn't need to care.
HARLON: Listen, Cochrane. I don't give a damn about you and yours, but I do care about my kids. Marr will put them through a grinder if I bail out. We go on. When we take the secret of that converter back to Marr, then maybe I'll take it out on his hide. But there's no outs on this mission. Got me?
COCHRANE: Sir.

DOCTOR: Approaching our coordinates.
ERIMEM: Antranak is most pleased with the nutrition from your machine.
DOCTOR: The food machine can cope with most requests, even dead rat.
PERI: We could do that face pack if you like.
ERIMEM: What is this face pack you talk about? Is it a religious experience?
PERI: Oh, definitely.
(The Tardis makes a noise like a cat's yowl. Voices are slowing down.)
ERIMEM: What is wrong, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Massive time distortion field, coming from the planet Talderun. Trying to compensate.

(The Tardis materialises, door opens. Voices echo slightly.)
DOCTOR: Readings suggest this is Talderun, primary world in the system of Nekromanteia. Time distortion's very strong here. Sorry about that, old girl.
PERI: Oh, your driving makes me dizzy, Doctor. Who turned out the lights?
ERIMEM: Are you certain this is the correct star place?
DOCTOR: You know, between the two of you, I could begin to develop quite a persecution complex.
ERIMEM: Sorry, Doctor.
PERI: We adore you really.
DOCTOR: Hmm.
PERI: Are we inside something?
DOCTOR: Go to the top of the class, Jonah.
ERIMEM: Jonah?
PERI: He's showing off. It's a literary reference.
DOCTOR: Biblical. Hebrew. Old Testament.
ERIMEM: Ah, the Jewish tales.
DOCTOR: Yes, about six centuries after your time. A cautionary tale about a man adrift at sea rescued by a most unlikely friend, a giant whale.
ERIMEM: It *is* fascinating, isn't it, Antranak? (cat purrs) Are we inside a whale, Doctor? (sniffs) Oh, it smells truly appalling.
DOCTOR: True, but it's more likely that it's a pressurised vessel and life support's failed. No clean air. (clangs) Made of metal.
PERI: So, some kind of spacecraft?
DOCTOR: Probably.
ERIMEM: I'm sorry that we had to keep you in the Tardis, cat. The Pakhars and other aliens may not have thanked me for bringing a cat to their market place.
PERI: It feels like an aeroplane. Sort of confined.
DOCTOR: Very similar construction. Oh.
PERI: What is it?
DOCTOR: I think I may have made a very grave mistake. I'm afraid we've landed in a room full of corpses.
PERI: One of them's alive!

COCHRANE: Look, sir. The witches are crawling all over the hull of that ship. It's part of the SS Ares.
HARLON: They must be after the bodies.
(Witches shrieking.)
HARLON: Open fire.
COCHRANE: Sir, the power packs are almost depleted.
HARLON: Open fire, I said!
(Energy bolts, screams. Walking.)
HARLON: That was ridiculously easy.
COCHRANE: They were going to eat the bodies?
HARLON: Probably. Or use their entrails.
COCHRANE: Didn't know necromancy still existed.
HARLON: We're a long way from home. You meet the witches of Talderun, you're dead sooner or later. I want that ship, what's left of it, destroyed. No chances for those harpies' friends to have another go. Let the lads rest in peace. Best use the self-destruct. Cut a hole in that wall.
(Two energy bolts.)

PERI: Sounds like welding torches.
ERIMEM: Perhaps the whale does not like us in its belly.
DOCTOR: He's in a bad way. What happened here? Were you in battle?
ERIMEM: The man is injured. You should not pressure him so.
DOCTOR: There may be others in trouble, and whatever caused this might still be around.
PERI: Do you have to be so heartless?
DOCTOR: Someone has to keep an eye on the bigger picture.
PERI: But you don't have to be so high-handed about it.
ERIMEM: Let me, please.
DOCTOR: All right.

ERIMEM: Where are you from, brave warrior? Can we take a message home for you?
SOLDIER: Riches. Company. (coughs) Help yourselves. Save your souls.
(Crash of cut metal.)
HARLON: Is there no stopping you harpies? Get away from him.
PERI: No, Antranak!
(Energy bolt. Erimem screams.)
PERI: Oh, my God. Erimem!

[Part Two]

(Sisters chanting Shara. Horse neighs, hoof sounds.)
JAL DOR KAL: Shara, the Other is in danger. My sisters have fallen at the hands of Corporation swine. Raise my sisters and let their cadavers do my bidding!
(Horse neighs.)
JAL DOR KAL: The Great One blesses the sisters.

JAL DOR KAL [OC]: The Great One blesses the sisters. Go on. Cast off your mortal shackles and embrace the way of the Great One. Live anew, sisters.
(Cacophony of nasty sounds.)

JAL DOR KAL: Well done, my sisters. The whelp is delivered unto us.
PERI: My name is Peri.
JAL DOR KAL: You may go to Shara's hand, sisters. Rest in peace.
(Bones collapse.)
PERI: Oh, that is disgusting. Are all your friends dead? Ow! I'll take that as a yes.
JAL DOR KAL: You are so full of life, Terran. I can smell it on you. But do not think that life gives you the right to abuse the dead.
PERI: Shame. I was so looking forward to abusing you. Ow! I hope you're not going to make a habit of that.
JAL DOR KAL: You are here by my design, whelp. Remember that. I will shape you until we are ready for you. And when that time comes, you will know the true meaning of suffering.
PERI: You really should get something done about those teeth. I can recommend a good orthodontist in Baltimore. Maybe even throw in some free mouthwash. You'd be doing us all a favour.
JAL DOR KAL: Sisters! Take her to the holy baths. Clean the filth from her limbs. Then her instruction can begin.
PERI: All right, all right, I'm coming already. Oh, you take me to the nicest places, Doctor.

(Jumble of voices and crockery, like a party.)
MAN: The point is, where is Marr?
(Door slides open. Sudden silence.)
TALLIS: Ladies and gentlemen, the Chairman of the Board.
(Door slides closed.)
MARR: Thank you, Tallis. Please, ladies, gentlemen, sit down.
(Lots of creaks of seating arrangements.)
MARR: This holograph shows a flypast of the construction site at Challus Prime. As you can see, the Alpha Project proceeds apace. We are, in fact, three months ahead of schedule.
VOICES: Marvellous, marvellous.
SALAYSIAN: But at what cost, Marr?
MARR: Cost analysis can be found in your latest data belt.
SALAYSIAN: What cost in human terms?
MARR: I'm sorry, Upper Manager Salaysian, I'm not following you.
SALAYSIAN: I have little doubt of that. This, my friends, is the truth behind the Alpha Project. This holograph was taken on Challus Prime by one of my aides this very morning.
(Gasps.)
SALAYSIAN: Labourers and craftsmen from the outer planets were attracted to the project by our Corporation's promises of a new, better life. They were outrageous lies. Pushed beyond their physical limits, rest periods halved, families corralled in pens, food rations at subsistence levels only, and look, all the horrors of their existence blotted out by drugs which our

Corporation supplies in the name of entertainment.
MAN: This is outrageous!
SALAYSIAN: And what of our fleet, sent on the Chairman's command to the Nekromanteia district? It is missing presumed destroyed. Well, Marr. Can you answer these accusations?
MARR: Upper Manager Salaysian knows full well that I do not countenance promotion without years of duty in an allotted post.
SALAYSIAN: Oh, for goodness sake, man. This is not a coup. Answer the damn question.
MARR: The answer is no, Salaysian. These images, certainly well cobbled together from old vid-news files, have no bearing on the truth. As to the fleet, I received transmissions from Commander Harlon in the Nekromanteia district this morning. And finally no, you may not challenge me for this position. According to the rules of accession, you have another decade to serve before you might challenge me.
SALAYSIAN: Then the rules are wrong.
MAN: This is outrageous!
WOMAN: How dare you!
(Various protests.)
MARR: I'm delighted to hear you say that. Now we have the truth of it. Ladies and gentlemen, my spies were correct. We have a revisionist amongst us. The Chairman of the Imperial Solar Corporation declares Upper Manager Salaysian in breach of his most holy oath to defend, expand and perpetuate the Grand Design of our forefathers. He is unfit to wear the sash of office.
(Tearing fabric.)
MARR: Tallis, would you do the honours?
TALLIS: Of course, sir.
MARR: Thank you. Please escort Endelfor Salaysian to the Penitentiary. Order the Burgomeister to strip him of his identity and prepare him for termination.
TALLIS: Yes, sir.
SALAYSIAN: You can't touch me, Marr. I have Oh!
MARR: She's far stronger than she looks, Salaysian. That's why I have her around. Thank you, Tallis.
SALAYSIAN: You won't suppress the people, Marr. This project will be your undoing. The Corporation shall not survive it. Men and women of the Board, I beseech you, end this while you still have time.
(Door closes.)
MARR: Now, where were we? Oh yes. I propose that twenty billion in extra funds be directed to secure the rapid completion of the Alpha converter. Please press your acceptance of oral ejection nodes.
(Beeps.)
MARR: Vote carried unanimously in favour. Twenty billion credits has been allocated to construction division alpha one, Challus Prime. A wise choice, my friends. Any other business? Ah, it is good to know that I still have your undivided support after all these years.
(Door opens.)
MARR: Good day.
(Door closes. Party sounds resume.)

YAL ROM: (effort) Log continued. Colleagues, in case this attempt to climb down from the hills into the temple should prove foolhardy, this recording will run continuously till the end of my penetration of the site. As I suspected, the priestess and her followers seem to be engaged in some form of preparation for a festival of death. (walking) Torches and red flowers bedeck the great funnel of the altar. Our holo-images will no doubt fail to capture the grandeur of the place. I've never seen such a sight. The embanked seating reaches as far as the eye can see. In many ways this site reminds me of the ancient amphitheatres of Roman Earth, or the gaming theatres of Randor. One thing the log will not capture is the stench of death. The place reeks of human blood. I can't imagine the mind that designed such a place.

(Shouting and construction work.)
MARR [OC]: Workers of the glorious Corporation, I, your Chairman, thank you. It is a rare privilege for one such as myself to see a Grand Design through to its end. And as your work on the Alpha Project nears its conclusion, I come with great news. In thanks for the rapidity of your work, I have secured twenty billion credits so that each of you will be paid a life pension from

my grateful Corporation.
(Cheers.)
MARR [OC]: No, please, there is more. Our Corporation promised you a grand future, and you have worked for it, my friends. I guarantee you all free education for your children, and bountiful food for the rest of your lives. But to secure, this I beg your help. We must finish construction of the Alpha converter within the week. Now, will you join me in this glorious cause, my friends?
(Cheers.)
MARR [OC]: I thank you, my friends. May the Corporation bless you.

(Workers cheering in background.)
MARR: Mmm. Tallis?
TALLIS: A wonderful speech, sir.
MARR: Oh, do you really think so? One tries so hard to hit the right tone, you know.
TALLIS: Quite so, sir.
MARR: Give them food, health care and education fit for a king until they finish the construction, and then kill them all.
TALLIS: Naturally, sir.
MARR: Oh, and Tallis?
TALLIS: Sir?
MARR: Transfer the balance of the remaining extra funds to my usual account, with a small concession to your good self for services rendered, of course.
TALLIS: Oh, thank you, sir.

DOCTOR: And that gives you the right to butcher innocents, does it, Commander?
HARLON: No one's born innocent in this district, Doctor.
DOCTOR: My companion did you no harm and you shot her.
HARLON: I mistook her for one of the harpies. I don't do apologies.
DOCTOR: And what of my other friend?
HARLON: Hmm. You were a couple, were you?
DOCTOR: No. No, I just value life. All life.
HARLON: Well, you're in the wrong place, my friend. No, if she was alive when we beamed out, she'd have transmatted here. Stands to reason.
DOCTOR: I had hoped the collapsed tritanium hull plating might have shielded her from your yacht's sensors.
HARLON: (laughs) Doctor, I like you. You're an optimist. Well, if she was alive when we left, the harpies will have found her. They can smell the living. You have my sympathies. You should have done her a favour and slit her throat while you had the chance.

(Water splashing gently. A gong.)
PERI: (woozy) I don't want. What's happening.
JAL DOR KAL: Your mind rejects the honour I bestow upon you, whelp. Do not fight me. Do not fight me. I, Jal Dor Kal, must wash away the filth of the outer world, cleanse your flesh with anointed oils. You are chosen, brought to us.
PERI: No, please.
(Gong.)
JAL DOR KAL: You are Shara's now. Submit. Submit. He has chosen you to ride upon his broad back, my child. Chosen you to bring the Other to us.
PERI: Chosen.
(Jal Dor Kal and Shara laugh.)

(Erimem gently snoring.)
DOCTOR: Thank you for the medipack. She seems to be sleeping comfortably.
COCHRANE: This creature.
DOCTOR: A tracker cat.
COCHRANE: Tracker cat. It's drooling on me.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes. Well, in cat terms, that's a great honour. You see, he's giving you a love bite now.
COCHRANE: It's not unpleasant. So, do they taste nice when cooked?

DOCTOR: Ahem. I see your First Officer is feeling better, Commander.
HARLON: It's the suit. It's pumping her full of endorphins while while it knits her wounds back together.
DOCTOR: I see. Maybe I should get myself one of those. Perhaps we could have a word regarding your mission here, in private.

(Walking on metal.)
DOCTOR: You're certain we can't be overheard out here?
(Hatch closes.)
HARLON: What's so secret?
DOCTOR: I want your mission log and specific details of what happened to your fleet. I assume that the wreckage I can see on the mountains is all that remains of it.
HARLON: Why should I tell
DOCTOR: Don't be insolent! Answer the question, Commander.
HARLON: I knew he would do something like this.
DOCTOR: Was it that obvious?
HARLON: Of course. He would never trust the military to finish his dirty work. He'd want a techie on site. Is that what you are, Doctor? A scientist?
DOCTOR: Oh, does it show?
HARLON: Ah, it's written all over you. It makes sense now. Scientists have been known to spy for Marr in the past.
DOCTOR: Marr is the sort of person that trusts no one, correct?
(Birds screech.)
HARLON: Huh. Do you want those two killed? My First Officer knows everything about the mission.
DOCTOR: No! Not yet, at any rate. We may need stooges to distract our fanatical friends down there. What's your next move, Commander?
HARLON: Normal procedure in the event of force majeure is to release arinal toxin into the biosphere and then complete the mission.
DOCTOR: Won't that kill everything?
HARLON: Everything without respirators.
DOCTOR: And you really believe that you can fulfil your mission alone?
HARLON: I have to, Marr won't let it lie, Doctor. He's obsessed, you must know that. He sent you hear to die just like the rest of us. For what? For that. Go ahead, take the photo-enhancer. See it?
DOCTOR: A vast alpha energy converter. It's huge.
HARLON: Yeah, yeah, yeah, it's larger than it needs to be, blah, blah. I've heard heard all the technobabble. But there's some mystery here. Something that doesn't add up. Something that makes these sicko witches all-powerful.

MARR: The communication is scrambled. No one can recognise your voice.
VOICE [OC]: All is well?
MARR: The Alpha Project nears completion. All things are prepared.
VOICE [OC]: Good. But do not make another peremptory move, Marr. You should not have sent the space fleet.
MARR: A tactical decision. I had to sacrifice my fleet before the Board equipped it with our latest weapons and used it to forcibly secure Talderun. Why, then they would have succeeded.
VOICE [OC]: All things must be in place before we move again. I've set a trap. Give me time to snap it shut. This transmission ends.
(Beep.)
MARR: I will not be spoken to like that!
TALLIS: Of course not, Mister Marr.
MARR: How are repairs going with my personal cruiser?
TALLIS: Perfectly well, sir. I understand from the foreman that it will be ready in a day or two.
MARR: It is not good enough. Hours, Tallis. I want it ready in a matter of one or two hours. Just in case.
TALLIS: Of course, sir. I shall have the foreman (pause) replaced.

(Effort.)
COMPUTER: Museum log.
YAL ROM: Log continues. I've gained access to a preparation chamber via the roof. Hopefully the holo-image will show this young woman bathing in oils. I believe she's being prepared for sacrifice. This place must perform some kind of ritual cleansing. She's very young. I believe she may be Terran. I wonder if she's from Earth?
PERI: (drugged) Jal Dor Kal. Shara. Earth?
YAL ROM: I'm aware that I'm bound strictly to observe, never meddle unless absolutely. Ah, she's very delicate and clearly drugged. Log off. Come on, girl. Work with me. Wake up.
PERI: Wake. What are you doing? Warm. I was warm.
YAL ROM: If I leave you here, you'll die. Do you understand me? Can you hear me?
PERI: Honour to die.
YAL ROM: No, please, try to stand. That's it. Here, dry yourself.
(Gong.)
YAL ROM: There's no time. Come on, we have to get out of here now.
(Slapping.)
PERI: (normal) Oh, I'm naked.
YAL ROM: I'm trying not to think about it. Here, I think these must be your clothes.
PERI: Oh, I hope you've got a good explanation for this. Just so you know, I don't normally do this on the first date.
YAL ROM: If you don't get out of this complex before the festival begins, your manners will be the least of our worries.
PERI: Oh, that's what I like about you space boys. You know just what to say to a girl.

DOCTOR: I cannot allow you to launch an all-out attack with a lethal toxin.
HARLON: What do you suggest I do, then? Just walk in and say hello?
DOCTOR: Well, why not? You could stun the population.
HARLON: If I use energy weapons to stun the populace, that unstable energy field could blow this planet sky-high. You're the scientist, you figure it out.
(Buzzing.)
DOCTOR: Massive EM disturbance and Alpha particle rays. Those other elements, what are they?
HARLON: No one knows.
DOCTOR: No one?
HARLON: That's why Marr's so excited. These particles don't exist in space-time, but they're giving off enormous power.
DOCTOR: That's quite impossible. It's contrary to fundamental principles of space-time dynamics.
HARLON: Now you're getting it.

(Walking in echoing place.)
PERI: Er, you kind of have me at a disadvantage. I'm Peri, human female. I guess you noticed that last bit.
YAL ROM: Incredible. This inscription. It's of the first dynasty of Nekromanteia. That dates it to two hundred thousand years ago. If I read this correctly, this chamber lies directly beneath the amphitheatre.
PERI: Kinda cool sculptures. Those plants look a bit like orchidaceae.
YAL ROM: Bit of a botanist?
PERI: I'd like to be.
YAL ROM: Do you understand this? Understand where we are?
PERI: I barely understand my own name right now. Surprise me.
YAL ROM: This is the mausoleum of Shara.
PERI: Shara? Shara's buried here?
YAL ROM: I have to see the relic. It's the chance of a lifetime. Now, if I can just find the activation circuits.
PERI: Why is it all the men I meet are obsessives? Just once I'd like to meet a nice regular guy. You know, cool car, great music, body to die for.
(Machinery starts.)
YAL ROM: Ah! It's mounted on some sort of elevation dais. Look there, at the floor.
PERI: My God.

YAL ROM: No. Their god. It's magnificent. The skeleton is perfectly preserved.
PERI: Don't touch it. There's something about it.
YAL ROM: I have to. Ah.
PERI: I don't understand. Your hand went right through it. Is it a projection?
YAL ROM: I don't think so. But then I did see it move earlier. It has no physical mass. Perhaps it is a holographic projection. I just don't know.
PERI: But it looks totally real.
YAL ROM: There's something very odd going on here.

(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: How are you feeling, Erimem?
ERIMEM: Better, thank you.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: They're determined to spend the night outside, under canvas. Harlon says he gets jumpy when he's caged for too long.
ERIMEM: Good. He is an unpleasant man.
DOCTOR: Circumstances shape us all. How are you? The drugs they gave you seem extremely efficacious.
ERIMEM: I am weak but mending. Not too weak to hear the worst of Peri.
DOCTOR: Yes, that's one of the many problems that are preoccupying me. I'm rather afraid I made a mistake bringing you both here. Something I've done rather a lot lately.
ERIMEM: There is no blame at your feet. The shame rests on *my* shoulders. I, I felt drawn here.
DOCTOR: Hmm. I suspected as much. The Tardis's telepathic circuits were relaying a mass of information when we were in the Vortex. Perhaps we were drawn here. In any case, I know that I have to go down into that temple.
ERIMEM: I must accompany you.
DOCTOR: Ah, not this time. You're not as well as you think. You lost a lot of blood.
ERIMEM: You have a plan?
DOCTOR: Er, not exactly. Well, I had hoped to find a way to slip out and face the cult, find out what's generating those strange particles.
ERIMEM: No! It is foolhardy, reckless even, to attempt it. Always assuming you could elude Commander Harlon and his associate.
DOCTOR: Yes, but unless you've got a better idea? No, I didn't think so. Right, this is what I need you to do.

HARLON: Can't beat a camp fire at sunrise, Cochrane. Look at it. Who'd have thought this could be such an evil place?
COCHRANE: Worlds are what we make of them, Commander.
HARLON: True. How's that injury?
COCHRANE: It's good. Probably get cancer from the rejuv drugs, but hey, I feel great. Live for the moment.
(They laugh.)
COCHRANE: Honest question, Commander?
HARLON: No one's listening. Ask away.
COCHRANE: That Company guy.
HARLON: The Doctor?
COCHRANE: Right. Is he with us or against us?
HARLON: Well, if he is Marr's man, he didn't get the job by being nice.
(Alarm sounds.)
COMPUTER: Warning. MD bomb detonation
HARLON: Oh, for the love of God. (Runs into ship.)
COMPUTER: In forty five seconds. Clear the area. Warning. MD bomb detonation in thirty five seconds.
HARLON: What the hell do you think you're doing there?
ERIMEM: I warn you, master warrior sir. I am capable of violence when pushed. Step near me and this gunpowder device will go aflame.
HARLON: Gunpowder? What are you talking about?
COCHRANE: You little idiot. You'll wipe out the top of this mountain!
HARLON: Put the bomb down, girlie!

(Cat hisses.)
ERIMEM: Don't hurt Antranak! And if you strike at me, this device will surely guarantee my revenge.
HARLON: That's not a very convincing argument.
COMPUTER: Five seconds. Four. Three. Two. MD bomb deactivated.
COCHRANE: What just happened?
HARLON: Look around you. No Doctor. It was a diversion, and she was bluffing. The cat was a dead give-away. I knew she'd never kill that thing.
ERIMEM: You did not murder me.
HARLON: Well, aren't you the bright one. It's obvious the Doctor doesn't want you, and I haven't had a woman in a good while. It's time I got my dues out of this company. Cochrane!
COCHRANE: Sir?
HARLON: Scan for the Doctor outside. Girlie here and me have some business.
COCHRANE: Commander?
HARLON: Get out!
ERIMEM: Touch my flesh and I will cripple you, scum.
(Harlon laughs. Slap! Erimem screams.)
HARLON: You will pay for that, I promise you.
(Antranak hisses.)

(Sisters chanting and bells ringing in the distance.)
DOCTOR: Hmm. Sounds like they're expecting me. Out of the frying pan.

JAR DOR KAL: Sisters, hear me! The sacrifice has been taken from us, snatched from the Chamber of Purity. She was cleansed, ready for our festival of arising. The agents of the anti-god are at hand. We must cut them down and snatch back the sacrifice to Shara!
DOCTOR: Er, excuse me. The door was open and it sounded like you were having a wonderful time. I thought I'd join in.
JAR DOR KAL: What!
DOCTOR: Only it's been a long time since I was in a show on this scale, and I enjoy audience participation. (rumble) That's terribly clever. Don't you think that's clever? All done with mirrors, is it? A sort of skeleton puppet show for the locals.
JAR DOR KAL: Cease your prattling! Sisters, hold this invader. Shara is displeased. This creature has desecrated the holy temple.
DOCTOR: Have I really? How clumsy of me. Do you know, I'm always doing that.
JAR DOR KAL: I shall enjoy eating your chattering tongue, anti-god. Shara (magic words)
DOCTOR: Now that *is* fascinating. It appears to be speaking.
JAR DOR KAL: Sisters, Shara orders death to the anti-god!
DOCTOR: The energy field is enormous. Massive temporal disturbance. Er, let's, let's talk about this. I'm sure there's a simple resolution.
JAR DOR KAL: Hold his head, sisters. Push him to his knees.
DOCTOR: Look, you don't understand. I came here to warn you of danger! That energy converter is incredibly unstable.
JAR DOR KAL: Death!
DOCTOR: No, listen! That energy field has to be stabilised. Please listen to me!
JAR DOR KAL: Kill the anti-god.
DOCTOR: No!
(Swoosh, squelch.)
JAR DOR KAL: Behold the head of the desecrater! Come, feast upon the anti-god's flesh, my sisters. Feast upon the head of the dead one!

[Part Three]

(Cackling laughter in distance. Walking.)
PERI: Oh, my ego would like to think that fuss was about me escaping.
YAL ROM: I won't relax until I'm at least ten light years away from the Nekromanteia system. There's nothing but trouble here.
PERI: That figures. I was born with trouble tattooed on my ass. But then, there's plenty of trouble waiting for you in Baltimore, if you go looking for it.

YAL ROM: Old Baltimore? I know the site. It's particularly well preserved. A ruin from the post-Dalek Invasion era, I think.
PERI: A ruin? Huh. Just great. And I suppose my neighbourhood has a particularly annoying tour guide with a robotic umbrella.
YAL ROM: Your neighbourhood? I don't understand.
PERI: Oh, don't worry. Confusion's all part of travelling with the Doctor. I think you'd like him. He's nuts too.
YAL ROM: The Doctor. He's a medic?
PERI: Well, more of a scientist really. He'd know how to stop these weirdos.
YAL ROM: Then we should find him.
PERI: I think I like your style. How do we start?
YAL ROM: By scanning for his life signs.
PERI: Of course we do.

(Whooshing noise, then polite clapping.)
ADDISON: More tea, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Tea?
ADDISON: It's been a hard day for you. Such a long journey.
(Tea poured.)
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, it has been quite a day. Would it seem rude of me to ask who you are?
ADDISON: (laughs) That's the trouble with you fair-haired types. No resistance to the old sun's rays. Paul Addison, England coach. Pleased to meet you. Again.
DOCTOR: Paul Addison? I don't understand.
ADDISON: Oh, put your hat on. Touch of sunstroke, I'll bet. Just try and relax, and enjoy the cricket, old man. It's about time you made it. I thought we'd have to do the closing ceremony before you even showed your face. Harper's had one hell of an innings. We just celebrated his triple century.
DOCTOR: Paul Addison. Of course, the Barcelona Olympics 2060 AD.
ADDISON: Welcome back to the real world, Doctor. Would you like milk with your tea?
DOCTOR: I think I'm going mad. I dreamt I was dead.
ADDISON: That is crazy, old son. One lump or two?
(Smack of leather on willow, and a cry from the fielders.)

(Cat yowls.)
COCHRANE: I'm sorry.
ERIMEM: I do not believe you understand the meaning of your words.
HARLON: Don't feel sorry for that, Cochrane. She's nothing special.
(Antranak hisses.)
COCHRANE: You're abusing your rank, Commander.
HARLON: Am I? The woman deserved it.
COCHRANE: You disgust me.
HARLON: Don't start getting political on me. Either you're an officer of the line or you're a woman. You can't be both.
COCHRANE: You're pathetic.
HARLON: Cochrane, (gun cocks) remember who you're talking to.
(Metal rattles, boom, boom!)
HARLON: Gas grenades! On the entry ramp. Get (coughs) get out of here.

PERI: Will these respirators be enough?
YAL ROM: It's not a nerve toxin, it just affects the lungs. Now let's get their blasters. We might need some protection later.
PERI: Use the woman's. Where is she? There they are. Hope Antranak will be okay.
(Cat yowls.)
PERI: Oh God! Erimem, what have they done to you?
ERIMEM: Peri, is that you?

PERI: Erimem? (echoing) She's coming round.
YAL ROM: Hello, Erimem? I'm Yal Rom. Can you hear me? Now, I want you to keep that medipack on your cheek. That cut'll soon heal. And drink this. Come on. That's it. It'll help you

get your strength back.
ERIMEM: It matters not, man of the future. I am unimportant here. You need not minister my wounds. Tend to your own affairs.
YAL ROM: I'm sorry, I'll leave you to it.
(Walks away.)
PERI: Hey. He does mean well, you know. You okay?
ERIMEM: Fine, Peri, thank you.
PERI: We should be careful what we say to Rom.
ERIMEM: Of course. Peri, I didn't mean to be rude to him, but what can he know of my needs?
PERI: Well, we need to stay close to him. Erimem, he's our only chance of getting off this hell-hole.
ERIMEM: So, it grows worse. You're implying the Doctor
PERI: Rom's scans show there are only two male humanoids alive on Talderun. Harlon and Rom. So the Doctor's dead or gone. Either way, we're in trouble without Rom. He's our ride out of here.
ERIMEM: I feared the worst. The Doctor's plan was foolhardy, but brave. Oh, he was a good, noble person. To my people he would be a god, travelling on his ship of Time. I will think of him so. Now, we must put an end to whatever plans Harlon and Cochrane have, Peri.
PERI: We took their guns.
ERIMEM: That may not stop *them*. They are people without honour and without humanity.
PERI: They're animals?
ERIMEM: In my time, they would be cursed for the wrongs they did me.
PERI: How badly did they hurt you? You look, well, terrible.
ERIMEM: I was schooled to bear the pain of a nation. If I can do that, I can tolerate my own (pause) misfortune. And believe me, Peri, he intended to do far worse than use his fists and feet, but I
PERI: Gave as good as you got?
(Erimem starts to laugh, then stops in pain.)
ERIMEM: Yes. That is an appropriate phrase. He will think twice before trying to hurt me again, I think. Now, enough of me. If we are to honour the Doctor, we must end the deeds done in this place. There is an evil enchantment here.
YAL ROM: I agree with you. Work with me, then. I'm going to need help. Do that, and I'll give you a passage to wherever you want to go.
PERI: Earth.
YAL ROM: Earth it is.
ERIMEM: We must find the Doctor's body and honour our noble dead.
YAL ROM: If there's anything left to find.

(Applause at a good stroke.)
ADDISON: Harper really is first-rate. Well done, Jimmy!
DOCTOR: He's a great asset.
ADDISON: He's the best of the best.
DOCTOR: He's one of the reasons I wanted to make it to this game.
ADDISON: Of course. Why else do you think you're here, old lad?
DOCTOR: I was beginning to wonder. But it's so easy to lose your head in this heat.
ADDISON: You would know.
DOCTOR: I've wanted to see this moment for years. It was the last thought on my mind before (pause) I came here.
ADDISON: There's no mystery, old man. You were invited. We heard you were interested and we arranged it. Our greatest pleasure, Doctor.
DOCTOR: But how did you know where to find me?
ADDISON: Bravo! (crowd applause) You're not as difficult to find as you think you are, old man. And you really are an old man, aren't you?
DOCTOR: Now you're beginning to worry me.
ADDISON: Oh good. (laughs) Come on, Jimmy!

COMPUTER: Museum log recording.
YAL ROM: Archivist Third Grade Yal Rom, log day fifteen. It seems I erred. The Doctor was more dangerous than I'd imagined. I've taken the Doctor's two female colleagues into my trust as per training. Tomorrow we'll attempt to snatch the relic from its abusers. If the two women

betray me and endanger the relic, or try to snatch it for the Doctor's so far unknown historical institution, I am of course quite prepared to eliminate them.

(Typing. Beeps.)
TALLIS [OC]: Commander Harlon? I have Mister Marr for you. Please wait.
HARLON: Wait? Yeah, sure, of course I'll wait. It's only taken two hours to patch the yacht's communications system up. No problem.
MARR [OC]: Ah, Harlon. You there? Still alive?
HARLON: Still alive. We need to make a deal.
MARR [OC]: Your arrogance does you credit. If you were of pure blood you might even have made a good Board member. Sadly, you are not. No deals, no discussions. Give me my data.
HARLON: (laughs) Your eagerness betrays you, Marr. You need me. That means we deal. I want safe passage back home and a retirement package, or I'll take my information to the highest bidder.
MARR [OC]: I'll see you dead first.
HARLON: I'll take my chances. Travel documents authorised, monies transferred, or you get nothing.
MARR [OC]: Damn you. Tallis, arrange things, will you?
TALLIS [OC]: Yes, Mister Marr.
(Data stream.)
HARLON: Thank you. More than generous. Okay, you screwed up. We're not alone here. Someone else knew about the energy converter. A guy calling himself the Doctor.
MARR [OC]: That's impossible. Only I know of its existence. And Tallis, obviously.
HARLON: Tallis and every technician who reports to you. I assumed one of them came looking for a piece of the action. There's another guy too. I guess he must be his assistant. They er, they came armed, and they have women too.
MARR [OC]: Oh, women as well? Oh, how ferocious an enemy. I'm surprised you could cope.
HARLON: I assumed this Doctor character was one of your men gone rogue.
MARR [OC]: Idiot. He must be working for a rival Corporation. You should have killed him and his associates immediately, as per your training.
HARLON: No need. The witches probably did it for me.

(Typing.)
HARLON [OC]: What are you doing?
MARR: You're a fool. I'm withdrawing your pension and travel permits. I've also just issued death warrants for your family. They will be carried out on my signal unless you remove these rogue elements from the equation. I need the secret of the Nekromanteia system. Everything hangs upon it. The Alpha Project will fail without it. I hope that's clear. Marr out.
(Communication ends.)
MARR: I will have the secret. Tallis.
TALLIS: Sir.
MARR: Prepare my ship and book passage through the company wormhole.
TALLIS: At once, sir. I assume the wormhole should be open to the Nekromanteia system.
MARR: I knew there was a reason I employed you, Tallis.

(More applause at the cricket match.)
ADDISON: This is the end of the line, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What a shame. I was so enjoying myself.
ADDISON: All good things end. You should know that more than most.
DOCTOR: Meaning?
(Whoosh. Addison's voice becomes deeper.)
ADDISON: Can't you guess? The challenge too great for you? You are dead, Doctor. (echoes)
(And back to the match.)
DOCTOR: This is a time loop.
ADDISON: Oh please, give me a little credit.
DOCTOR: I don't understand. I exist yet you say I'm dead.
ADDISON: You do *not* exist.
DOCTOR: I have sentience. I am aware. I have form. I exist.
ADDISON: (laughs) I see the challenge *is* too difficult, even for the great Doctor. This is the

place you never imagined you would reach.
DOCTOR: I don't think
ADDISON: Oh please, guess, Doctor. I insist.
DOCTOR: I never guess.
ADDISON: Shame. I so enjoy my little games.
(Feedback, horses hooves, neigh.)
DOCTOR: Shara.
SHARA: Your body is gone. Your life energy extinguished. You exist only in history and here in the fantasy I created at the time of your death. This is a discreet moment within the Time Vortex. We are experience, not existence. Freed of form, we've time.
DOCTOR: But there was a temporal physics expressive state that energy cannot be destroyed.
SHARA: This is beyond your science. In life you were a great explorer. In death we shall explore together. Do not fear the unknown, Doctor.
(Hubbub of overlapping voices and bells tolling.)
SHARA: We are brothers now, experiencing the moment for all eternity. I can bring eternity to our moment. Is this not the ultimate exploration?
(Thesianus's voice, unintelligible but presumably dialogue from earlier in the story.)

(Jal Dor Kal is using her magic words. Beeps.)
JAL DOR KAL: Computer, initialise vocoder and then open channel.
MARR [OC}: It's Marr. You took your time responding.

(Jal's voice sounds male now.)
JAL DOR KAL [OC]: I was at prayer.
MARR: The temple is in danger.
JAL DOR KAL [OC]: It is your duty and task to protect the holy reliquary. You swore upon your life's blood.
MARR: Have I not protected you?
JAL DOR KAL [OC]: You have betrayed us. You sent the Corporation's fleet.
MARR: I gave you sacrifices. I gave you good warning. I withheld the new photonic weapons. They were easy prey, Jal.

JAL DOR KAL: I do not trust you.
MARR [OC]: Our plans lie in the balance, Jal Dor Kal. You *have* to trust me. What progress has been made?
JAL DOR KAL: The anti-god is dead.
MARR [OC]: I'm impressed. My reports suggest you have tried to kill this Doctor but did not accomplish it. Harlon and the Doc, the anti-god's colleagues, could ruin everything. What of the chosen sacrifice?
JAL DOR KAL: The sisters will deal with the desecraters. As to the sacrifice, we seek her now. She is close. I can sense her.
MARR [OC]: And the Other?
JAL DOR KAL: Close too.
MARR [OC]: Good. Soon, then.
JAL DOR KAL: Yes, soon.

YAL ROM: Do exactly as I've told you. Stay away from the witches, and never stop firing those blasters until the power packs are exhausted.
ERIMEM: Then what shall we do, Master Historian?
YAL ROM: It won't come to that. Got it?
PERI: I'm not really used to firing guns, Rom.
YAL ROM: Well, now's your chance to get used to it. I'm sorry, Peri, but needs must, as they say.
PERI: On my world, historians don't carry guns.
YAL ROM: This isn't your world. Right, respirators on. I'm going to throw down some gas grenades, so concentrate on maintaining the tension on your ropes until we get down to the temple floor. Ready?

ERIMEM: Ready.
PERI: Let's go.

(Bell tolling, screeches of witches. Sounds of effort.)
YAL ROM: Erimem, behind you!
ERIMEM: May the gods protect us!
(Jal Dor Kal calls out an incantation.)
JAL DOR KAL: Destroy the desecraters, my sisters!
(Blaster fire.)
YAL ROM: They're forming a single front.
PERI: Can you hold them?
YAL ROM: I'll try. Go do it.
ERIMEM: May the gods be with you, Rom.
PERI: Yes, good luck. Come on, Erimem. We've got to go.
ERIMEM: Which way does the tomb lie?
PERI: We just follow Rom's map. Over here.
(A witch cackles. Blaster shot. Scream. Silence.)
PERI: Oh! You're good with that gun, but Jeez, that mouth is just awful.
(Running.)

PERI [OC]: Look in there.
(Creaking door.)
ERIMEM: The architecture is striking. It is clearly a place of great importance.
PERI: Grab the emitters from my bag.
(Unzipping. Cat meows.)
PERI: Antranak! What are you doing in there?
ERIMEM: I couldn't leave him outside, Peri.
PERI: No. No, I guess not. Move, puss, we've got work to do. Now, Erimem, set these out around the base like Rom showed us.
ERIMEM: I still do not understand how they will help us.
PERI: I think I get it. Like Rom said, they're a kind of signal booster to get through all this stone. They allow his ship to locate this tomb and transport the relic out of here.
ERIMEM: But how?
PERI: You got me. Probably beam me up Scotty. That's how I'd do it if I was a spaceman.
ERIMEM: Scotty?
PERI: Forget it. I guess you had to be there.
ERIMEM: I think Harlon had a beam me up Scotty. That is how the Doctor and I ended up in his craft.
PERI: Erimem, wait. Do you think we're doing the right thing?
ERIMEM: I do not understand you.
PERI: Well, if Rom's an explorer, a researcher, he's got a lot of gas grenades instead of trowels and pickaxes, and he had no hesitation in giving us guns.
ERIMEM: Your scholars are not warriors too?
PERI: Nerds, normally. Very different from warriors.
ERIMEM: I see. We must be practical, Peri. As you said, without Rom we will not leave this world. And without this relic, he is unlikely to aid us.
PERI: Got us by the short and curlys. Typical man.
ERIMEM: Come, the beam me up Scotty's are placed around the relic. Do you have the trigger device?
PERI: Yeah. I only hope this works.
ERIMEM: Agreed. (yowl) Sorry, Antranak, you're in the way. Stay with me.
PERI: (gasps) Look at the tomb! It's going! Oh, I've always wanted to try that.
(Power drops, stone rumbling.)
ERIMEM: Oh! I think we may have angered the gods.

(Witches shrieking.)
JAL DOR KAL: Ah! No! The equilibrium has been disturbed! You fools. You do not

understand. Sisters, the relic has been stolen! Ah! The Other is present. Find them. We need the Other now!

(Falling stone.)
YAL ROM: We need to transport out. Damn, the emitters are damaged.
PERI: Can you repair them?
YAL ROM: Not a chance.
PERI: You mean we can't get out?
YAL ROM: No.
ERIMEM: Oh, Antranak, I'm sorry. I should have left you outside.
YAL ROM: Listen.
PERI: It's that woman and her witches.
YAL ROM: They're coming for us.
ERIMEM: Then we must stand and fight.
JAL DOR KAL: I see the Other.
YAL ROM: Fire!
(Blasters fire.)

HARLON: Now I get it. Sensors show transmat activity. Probably to a cloaked ship in orbit. I bet that relic's been stolen. It must be linked to the energy converter, and that's gone into imbalance. According to this analysis, the missing relic is the energy source that drives all of this!
COCHRANE: So what'll happen without it?
HARLON: My guess? An almighty bang. All I care about is getting this data to Marr on my terms, right?
COCHRANE: How are we going to do that? If the witches can monitor our transmissions to Marr, they'll think we're the ones holding their blasted relic. We'll be as good as dead.
HARLON: Judging by his last transmission, Marr'll be here soon, then we'll make it his problem. All we've got to do is to pinpoint that ship's location and steal the relic ourselves.

(Polite applause.)
DOCTOR: By my reckoning, the energy needed to create and maintain this temporal breach exceeds a dozen star deaths.
SHARA: (Addison voice) At the very least. The energy provided by my system harms no one.
DOCTOR: Of course, the energy converter. But what attracts the energy? What's the lodestone?
SHARA: It was a big price to pay, but it has secured me an eternity of bliss.
DOCTOR: Your body?
SHARA: I traded my physicality and my history, past and future, to achieve this state.
DOCTOR: All traded for a moment in eternity?
SHARA: The energy attracted and balanced against my personal history, my existence, for all time, with generations of my followers to protect my systems.
DOCTOR: The witches of Talderun.
SHARA: Perfect concept.
DOCTOR: It's an arrogant conceit. You've been so absorbed by your own pursuit of happiness that you forgot about animalistic greed.
SHARA: My plan affects no one but me. I brought you here, saved you from eternal blackness, and this criticism is how you repay me?
DOCTOR: Listen to me, Shara. What if someone else wanted to use your energy too? Think of it. If someone discovers what you've achieved, a kind of eternal life in your own heaven, aren't they going to want that too? Aren't they going to be envious? What would happen then?
SHARA: But if they were to try and draw power from the lodestone or remove it from its balanced state with the energy converter, the results would be catastrophic!
DOCTOR: It might even rupture the Space Time Vortex.
SHARA: Chaos would reign .
DOCTOR: It'll make entropy look like a welcome guest at a physics convention.

(Antranak yowls very loudly.)
ERIMEM: It is no coincidence that the world rocks now that the relic has been taken. Perhaps

their god really is angry.
YAL ROM: Fascinating. I never realised that removing
PERI: Rom! Now is not the time. We have to get out of here. Come on.
ERIMEM: Hold tight, little one.
PERI: What happened to Jal Dor Kal?
ERIMEM: Perhaps we should join her in prayer.
(Jal Dor Kal is using her magic words.)
JAL DOR KAL: Arise, Shara! Arise!

DOCTOR: It's begun.
SHARA: No! My calculations were flawless.
DOCTOR: Yes, remarkable mathematics, but you forgot to factor in the human element. Someone else wants your energy, and I suspect they're going to use your body go get it.
SHARA: No! I sought to harm no one.
DOCTOR: You've caused holy wars! Millions have died across eternity simply so that you might experience this elysian condition.
SHARA: But eternity is so remarkable, Doctor. So beautiful.
DOCTOR: And your addiction to it may bring about its destruction.
SHARA: We are facing the end of order.
DOCTOR: The end, Shara? At this rate, there won't even be a beginning, and there's nothing I can do to prevent it.

[Part Four]

(Weeping women.)
PERI: We should leave now.
YAL ROM: She's right.
ERIMEM: I must know why she weeps. Why do you cry so, priestess?
YAL ROM: Don't waste your breath on her.
ERIMEM: Do you weep for you god?
JAL DOR KAL: What do you know of Shara? These blessed reliquaries are nothing but a curiosity to you. (unintelligible) and the love we hold for Shara.
YAL ROM: The artefact belongs in a museum where it can be properly studied and cared for. There are some strange phenomena associated with it.
JAL DOR KAL: Strange phenomena? Idiot! I have studied the Great One for centuries.
YAL ROM: She's insane.
JAL DOR KAL: His power has filled my veins with life! I have studied, Lord Shara, learned all that was to be known, followed in your footsteps. I have enlightenment. I can achieve perpetual balance, become possessed of a moment of eternity.
PERI: She's talking gibberish.
ERIMEM: I do not think so.
JAL DOR KAL: The ancient Terran woman sees the truth of it. She is a worthy sacrifice. Sisters, take them all!
(Blaster fire for a short while.)
JAL DOR KAL: Give me the feline.
ERIMEM: No!
JAL DOR KAL: Restrain her.
ERIMEM: Please, Antranak fears strangers.
JAL DOR KAL: Feel the life force of the ancient familiar, sisters? I welcome you, creature of the fur.
ERIMEM: No, please! Peri!
PERI: Give him back. Get off me.
YAL ROM: You'll regret this. I warn you, my employers will send harsh retribution if you harm us.
JAL DOR KAL: Take him away and cut out his tongue. Then fetch it back for the feline to feed upon. (cackling laughter)

DOCTOR: You must do something, Shara, and quickly. Time is short.
SHARA: But I am powerless to do anything.

DOCTOR: You were a brilliant physicist once.
SHARA: You know nothing of my past.
DOCTOR: I know a genius when I see one. Think! There has to be a way to restore the equilibrium.
SHARA: I can't do a thing. That doesn't mean others cannot. You must undertake my task, bear my burden.
DOCTOR: Whatever it is, we have to do it now.
SHARA: I will lift your body from your time stream before life was terminated.
DOCTOR: That could cause a temporal paradox.
SHARA: I shall create a duplicate Doctor. Your essence will be contained within him.
DOCTOR: It seems we have little choice. What do I do?
SHARA: You must restore the equilibrium of the equation, Doctor.
DOCTOR: But how?
SHARA: Return my corpse to the converter. Restore the lodestone. (echoes)

DOCTOR: Ah. Hello.
JAL DOR KAL: Seize the anti-god!
DOCTOR: No, wait. You have to listen to me. I was resurrected by, by Shara's command.
JAL DOR KAL: Let the alien speak. Choose your words wisely.

COCHRANE: We're airborne, Commander. Approaching upper atmosphere. I'm tracking the cloaked ship's wake through the heliosphere. Fifteen hundred kilometres and closing.
HARLON: Trim back starboard drive, Cochrane. Its output's irregular. Must have taken some damage during the battle.
COCHRANE: Sir. Incoming communication from a ship that's just dropped out of wormspace. The call sign's from the SS Sentinel. That's the Chairman's ship.
HARLON: Ah. Put him on viewer. You look worried, Marr.
MARR [OC]: With good reason. This entire enterprise is in your hands.
HARLON: Ain't that nice?
MARR [OC]: Do you have the data?
HARLON: I certainly have.
MARR [OC]: I never doubted you, of course.
HARLON: Of course.
MARR [OC]: Transmit it to me on an encrypted channel.
HARLON: I've been thinking about that one. As this is so very important to you, I reckon it's certain to become very important to me, too.
MARR [OC]: I should advise you not to play any more games with me. I never lose.
HARLON: Funny, 'cos I never lose either. Viewer off.
MARR [OC]: Harlon!
COCHRANE: Was that wise, sir?
HARLON: Well, that depends.
COCHRANE: On what?
HARLON: How successful we are at beaming the relic off that cloaked ship. Maybe our hand'll be unbeatable.
COCHRANE: And it if isn't?
HARLON: Well, Cochrane, it'll have been nice knowing you.

MARR: Come on, come on.
TALLIS: We're at maximum velocity, Mister Marr.
MARR: What's Harlon doing out there, Tallis? Why is his yacht in orbit?
TALLIS: Sensors suggest he's about to rendezvous with a cloaked ship. It's difficult to be sure. All I'm reading is energy distortion, but the cloak's big enough to hide a. That's a Terran ship, sir. Rather advanced.
MARR: I knew it.
TALLIS: Sir?
MARR: He's sold the data to the highest bidder. Probably a Terran agent working for another member of the Board, with an eye on my chair.. Salaysian, perhaps. Hmm. Harlon's probably got the relic, too. Tallis, I want to hear that my ship can target the cloaked vessel and destroy

it, and I want to hear it now!
TALLIS: Oh, absolutely, sir.

YAL ROM: Leave me alone! I'm authorised to be her by the Museum of Earth. You have no idea who I am. The Museum will send (gurgle)
PERI: (screams) This is crazy! They're going to cut out his tongue! They can't do this.
ERIMEM: Do your people not have such a punishment?
PERI: No! Let him go!
ERIMEM: He has defiled their temple, stolen their god. They have every right to be angry.
PERI: Erimem, that's no reason to mutilate him!
ERIMEM: Try not to fight them. Do not fight.
PERI: No! Let me go! Let me go!
(Squelch.)
PERI: Oh, my God.
ERIMEM: They've taken out his tongue and his heart. They have had their revenge. Cast your eyes away, Peri. Do not look upon him.
(The witches cackle.)

TALLIS: Targeting sensors are locked on the cloaked ship, Mister Marr.
MARR: Well done, Tallis. Fire!
(Whoosh, kaBOOM! Series of smaller explosions.)

HARLON: Nooooo!
COCHRANE: Oh, my God. The cloaked ship has been destroyed and we're in the path of incoming debris.
HARLON: Shields!
COCHRANE: Too late, Commander.
(Alarms.)
COCHRANE: Hull breach in section three.
HARLON: Marr, you idiot. He has no idea what he's just done. Get us back to the surface of Talderun.
COCHRANE: Don't worry, sir. We're heading there anyway.

DOCTOR: The planet's being torn apart. We have to find the relic and re-establish the equilibrium.
JAL DOR KAL: Aiee, it is over! The relic is gone, destroyed!
DOCTOR: How can you know that?
JAL DOR KAL: I see it. A woman knows when love is gone. I see it! All will be consumed by the energy converter.
DOCTOR: Then you *do* understand the technology.
JAL DOR KAL: I am not ignorant, alien.
DOCTOR: We may only have a few minutes. There has to be a way to shut it down!
JAL DOR KAL: Impossible. It's designed for perpetual activity. It will attempt to convert all available power around it. If it is not fed a constant supply from the lodestone, it will convert first this planet, then the entire system!
DOCTOR: And then Shara's reality will collapse, triggering a cascade across the Time Space Continuum.
JAL DOR KAL: Now you understand the importance of our role here. No one should ever have come here. We kept them at bay for aeons.
DOCTOR: I never doubted that. I just don't agree with your methods.
JAL DOR KAL: The price of our failure is a high one. Are you still sure we were so wrong?
DOCTOR: If we've lost the lodestone, then we have to replace it with another. You've studied the texts. Show them to me.
JAL DOR KAL: On the altar. The energy converter. Here.
DOCTOR: Read the inscriptions. What do they tell us about establishing an equilibrium? Can we trade something, or someone, off against the energy converter?

(Spaceship lands and powers down. Footsteps on planet surface.)
HARLON: Greetings, Tallis, Marr. Glad you could join us. I don't suppose you know Lieutenant

Cochrane, the only survivor of the SS Tempest, of your failed mission.
MARR: No, we've not met. Tallis.
TALLIS: Mister Marr.
(Blaster shot. Cochrane screams.)
HARLON: Cochrane!
COCHRANE: (in pain) Sorry, Commander. Guess our hand was useless after all.
HARLON: Damn it, Cochrane.
MARR: How touching.
HARLON: You are a butcher.
MARR: And you're a greedy little man, Harlon. Greedy for money and life.
HARLON: Not that different, then, are we?
MARR: I'd have expected you to shoot me by now, but you haven't. Idiot. I don't see any guns. Why not, I wonder? Oh, don't tell me, Commander. You let those women take them.
HARLON: Well, I hope you're happy. You've destroyed the entire fleet for want of information. *This* information.
MARR: Give me the data cube.

ERIMEM: The roof's caving in. The witches are fleeing, leaving us. Peri, we should follow their example and go.
PERI: I can't just leave Rom.
ERIMEM: They can't do him any more harm now. He's paid his penance. He's free.
PERI: I'm sorry, Rom.
ERIMEM: Peri! We have to leave him!
PERI: (crying) Goodbye, Rom.
ERIMEM: Peri, come on!
PERI: Coming.
(Falling rubble.)

DOCTOR: Ah, I see. I was right. According to the inscriptions, we can restore normality if only we can find a suitable replacement for Shara's lodestone, the skeleton.
JAL DOR KAL: The time is lost. All my hopes. I shall never join Shara now.
DOCTOR: What do you mean, join Shara? Stand up! Tell me.
JAL DOR KAL: The Other was chosen across Space and Time. Chosen to be Shara's familiar in this world, to restore him to life and lead me to shoulder his burden in the other world.
DOCTOR: You could give Shara back his life so that you could become an eternal like him? Swap with him? Tell me!
JAL DOR KAL: It is too late. The disequilibrium
DOCTOR: If only the Tardis was closer, I could stabilise this disturbance.
(Falling stone, Jal Dor Kal screams.)
DOCTOR: Jal Dor Kal!

HARLON: Tell me what this has all been for, or I'll throw this into the lava. Tell me!
MARR: The Alpha Project.
HARLON: But what's it for?
MARR: No, no, please don't throw the data cube. I'll tell you. I'll tell you. The Alpha Project is a duplicate of the temple of Shara.
HARLON: An energy converter? Oh, I have to hear this. Why do you want it?
MARR: I wanted the secret of Shara. The High Priestess and I
HARLON: You? You and that witch? She destroyed our fleet. She and her witches sliced and diced my crews, and you knew it? You approved?
MARR: Shara has lived for an eternity. Eternal life, Harlon. Think of it. Total power. It's in your hand at this very moment. I *must* have that data cube. I need the missing element. What was the device that drew the power into the system? You studied the sensor logs. Tell me!
HARLON: Do you know, the funny thing is, you could have had the secret. I'm no scientist, but I reckon the relic was at the centre of all this, the magnet that drew the power here, and you just destroyed it.
MARR: You betrayed me! Sold them on to a rival bidder.
HARLON: Not me. You're just being paranoid. I got there too late. I was about to retrieve the relic from that cloaked ship when *you* blew it out of the stars!

MARR: I don't understand. Tallis?
TALLIS: Well, how was I to know.
HARLON: Oh, don't blame your flunky, Marr. You've done this, Mister Chairman. You've begun the destruction of this planet, and now we're all going to die here.
MARR: Jal Dor Kal didn't trust me.
HARLON: You moron! She was using you. Can't you see it? She was going to create more gods and use it on herself. Oh. Oh, don't tell me. *You* thought you'd become a god. I reckon we're all better off without any gods, and you are definitely not getting this.
MARR: No! Not the cube!
(Splosh.)
MARR: Oh, without that I'm ruined. I've invested everything in the Alpha Project. I'll see to it your family suffers for this. Tallis!
TALLIS: Mister Chairman.
MARR: Do we still have his children under guard.
TALLIS: Oh, no, sir.
MARR: But I ordered
TALLIS: I know you did, sir, but I thought I'd wait and see how this venture turned out. You see, Wendle Marr, you're no god. You're not even much of a man. Goodbye, Mister Chairman.
(Blaster shot. Marr screams. Splosh.)
TALLIS: You always were too hot to handle.
HARLON: What now? You kill me, I suppose.
TALLIS: If you want to see your family again, Harlon, I suggest we use the ex-Chairman's ship to get off this planet. I'm not interested in being seen to wield power. I let others do that. I'm content to be more subtle.
HARLON: Are you suggesting an alliance?
TALLIS: Perhaps.
HARLON: I'm not allowing the Alpha Project to continue. No one should have that kind of power.
TALLIS: Whatever. Why don't we discuss it on the way home, Mister Chairman?

DOCTOR: Jal Dor Kal, I'll get you out. You have to tell me about the Other.
PERI: Doctor! You're alive! I knew it.
DOCTOR: Rumours of my death and all that, Peri.
ERIMEM: We have to get out of here, Doctor.
(Antranak yowls.)
DOCTOR: That sounds like a consensus to me. However, it's not that simple. Jal Dor Kal, can you hear me?
JAL DOR KAL: (coughs) The Other should climb the steps of the altar and stand on the point of reason. The spirit will release my lord.
DOCTOR: But who is the Other? Tell me, please.
JAL DOR KAL: It is no use. It is over for all of us. (dies)
DOCTOR: No.
PERI: Doctor, we have to leave now.
DOCTOR: We can't, Peri. This is only the beginning, don't you see? Chaos will spiral out from Nekromanteia, the cosmos will unravel. I have to try and stop this. I can't leave.
ERIMEM: Where are you going, Doctor?
DOCTOR: You heard what she said. Someone has to stand on the emitter array at the top of the energy converter so that they can become the new lodestone, the new conduit for energy.
PERI: You can't go up there. The converter's falling apart.
DOCTOR: I have no choice.
ERIMEM: Doctor, no!
DOCTOR: Get back, both of you. You shouldn't come up here.
PERI: You might be killed!
DOCTOR: If I don't succeed, we'll all be dead in any case. Besides, I've been dead already today. There's nothing to fear.
ERIMEM: We cannot climb higher. This tower is ready to give way.
DOCTOR: I have to be near the emitters!
PERI: Is that the emitter? What now?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. Shara! Can you hear me? I'm here! I'm offering myself as the new lodestone.

ERIMEM: Look, above us. A great sphere spinning.
DOCTOR: That's his reality touching ours.
SHARA: Now, Doctor. leap into the sphere.
DOCTOR: Goodbye, Peri. Take care of her, Erimem.
PERI: Doctor, no! You can't leave me!
ERIMEM: Wait, Doctor. Perhaps this is *my* duty, *my* destiny. There had to be a reason for our meeting, for you taking me aboard your Tardis.
DOCTOR: You don't know that.
ERIMEM: Perhaps I am the one that the priestess spoke of. This Other. I did feel drawn here. It *is* me, I know it.
SHARA: It must be now, Doctor, or all is lost.
ERIMEM: Thank you, Doctor. I could never have been a Pharaoh, I know that now. Please, it is my role in the universe to do this thing.
DOCTOR: Your cat doesn't agree, Erimem, and neither do I
ERIMEM: Antranak, go back! Get down from there!
(Cat yowls.)
ERIMEM: Antranak, no!
(Overlapping voices, backwards whoosh, falling rubble. Quiet.)
PERI: Doctor!
DOCTOR: (coughs) Peri, Erimem.
PERI: You're safe.
ERIMEM: Were we victorious, Doctor?
DOCTOR: You know, I think we were.
ERIMEM: Antranak, he's back.
SHARA: Thank you, Doctor. You brought me enlightenment. Life and death is everything. I see that now, now that death calls me.
ERIMEM: Antranak? Is that really you?
DOCTOR: Shara, goodbye.
SHARA: My experiment is over. Goodbye, my friend.

(Tardis door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: Hello, old girl. Hmm, that doesn't sound very healthy.
PERI: So, what else is new?
DOCTOR: Hmm. Pay no attention.
ERIMEM: I shall miss Antranak.
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm er sorry about that, but it did seem to be his choice.
PERI: Perhaps it was that alien from Egypt in his head.
DOCTOR: Perhaps.
ERIMEM: Cats are noble creatures. I prefer to think it was Antranak the cat who made the decision. I am sad he has gone.
PERI: Next time we visit Earth, the Doctor'll find you a new Antranak, won't you?
DOCTOR: Oh, must I?
PERI + ERIMEM: Yes!
(The Tardis dematerialises.)